

sleep, and only the loud snoring of some stentorian slumberer sounded on the quiet air. There were no lights to be seen except in the guard-house and one or two of the officers' tents, and Susie stole on, congratulating herself on her security, when, at a turn in the canvas street, when she came on the officer of the guard going the "grand rounds."

"Hello!" he cried, stopping short, and then laying his hand on Susie's shoulder, "what are you out for?"

Susie was ready to drop. The young man was one she knew very well, and recognition seemed inevitable; but the very imminence of the danger gave her courage.

"Captain's orderly, if you please, sir," she said, drawing gently away.

"What Captain's?"

Here was an awful dilemma, but she answered, finally, "Capt. Johnston, Company I."

"Oh! little Tom; to be sure, I remember; but what brought you so late?"

"Captain sent me in town."

"The deuce he did; he's a pretty fellow. I shall certainly report him for improper conduct in letting his orderly out so late at night."

Susie did not care to remonstrate, but with a military salute, very creditably given, hurried away towards Johnston's tent. Her courage almost failed her. What if he were already reading those fatal letters? As she came in view of it she saw that the light was still burning, and her breath almost ceased. How could she find out if she was too late? Very cautiously she stole to the side of the tent, and peeped in between the flaps. Her casket stood on the table, and Johnston, seated near, was drawing off his boots. As he kicked them out of the way, he laid his hand on the box, and involuntarily Susie's slight fingers crept to the handle of her pistol.

"No, by Jove!" he muttered, suddenly drawing his hand away, and starting up. "It seems too bad to break open the little thing's casket. I won't do it without consulting the colonel; though, if she is a d-d Abolitionist, she deserves anything."

"Kentucky chivalry!" Susie ground the words between her teeth, and wondered with intense astonishment what had made him suspect her.

Meantime she kept a sharp watch on Johnston, who took up the cabinet and set it on a shelf that ran across the tent.

"Tom!" Susie shrank away, fearing the orderly would appear, but there was no reply.

"Tom!" he shouted again, adding below his breath—"Confound the boy, how he sleeps!"

Susie gave one hasty glance toward the orderly's tent; there were no signs of life, and thinking it better to play the part herself than that he should be roused, she stepped forward.

"Oh, here you are, Tom! What a while you were coming! You must be quicker than this if you ever hear the long roll at midnight. Here, take this note to the colonel the first thing in the morning."

"Yes, sir," and Susie took the note and pretended to hurry off, but she went only just beyond the tent and there watched till she had the satisfaction of seeing the light put out in Johnston's tent. Then crouching down in the shadow, she waited patiently till he should be asleep. Once, she was startled by the approach of the officer of the guard, and nar-

rowly escaped a second discovery, which would inevitably have sent her to the guard-house, by dodging behind the tent.

At last the heavy breathing of the tired captain assured her that all was safe, and she stole softly to the entrance of the tent. The cords were tied on the inside, but with a sharp knife they were soon severed, and she stood within the tent. Only guided by the recollection of where she had seen the box deposited, she noiselessly stepped towards the shelf, and in a moment the casket was safe in her hands. As she turned to go out, being not so cautious as when she entered, she jostled the Captain's sword, and it fell clattering on the floor.

The captain started up; "what the d-d Tom," he cried, "what are you after?"

But there was no one there, and thinking that he must have knocked it off himself, the dreamy captain resumed his slumbers.

Susie, almost frightened out of her wits, had waited for no reply, but fled hastily away until she came once more in sight of the sentries. Here her instincts of prudence made her resume a more quiet gait, though she still went on hastily, saying as she approached the guard—

"Manassas; don't stop me—urgent business," and so hurrying past the surprised sentinel, went with all the speed she dared towards her home.

Arrived at her uncle's, she quietly opened the gate and stole beneath Agatha's window, picking up a piece of gravel to toss against the glass, which had been a preconcerted signal that her sister might let her in. She did not succeed the first time, and was stooping to find another small stone, when she was suddenly and unceremoniously seized by the collar, and a man hissed in her ear:

"How dare you come here?" Intensely amazed, and at last fairly overcome, Susie, pale and trembling, turned upon her antagonist.

"Let me go, or I will shoot you!"

"Never," he cried, shaking her violently, "till you tell me why you are prowling under a lady's window."

Something in the tone in which these words were uttered startled Susie, and she looked her captor full in the face. It was enough; and with a surprised cry she breathed the word—

"Raymond!"

"Susie!" he gasped, letting her go in utter amazement. "Is it possible! but what is the meaning of this disguise? I swear I thought you were a rival!"

A few hasty words had told him all, and he too had a story to relate. That night his papers had been seized; he feared for his life, and had come to say good-bye, while he made one desperate effort for flight.

"But you shall not go alone!" cried Susie; "Agatha and I will go with you. After what has happened to-night we dare not stay."

Raymond was overcome with this devotion, and when Agatha had joined them, as she did in reply to their summons, she agreed that it was their only safety. There was a hasty packing of a few valuables, a farewell note written to their uncle, and by means of the countersign, before morning the little party were beyond the rebel lines.

Once arrived in the free North, Susie and Raymond were married, and she had the satisfaction of

seeing him wear the Union uniform. Those left behind were greatly amazed at the flight; and Captain Johnston, more bewildered than any one else, this day cannot satisfactorily account for the sudden disappearance of the Casket of Letters.

Vulgar Language.

There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and actions. The latter are not only the expressions of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to the use of one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the the soul. Be careful of your words—as well as all your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able, also, to control the mind and save that from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it or preventing bad thoughts bursting out into language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female, or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

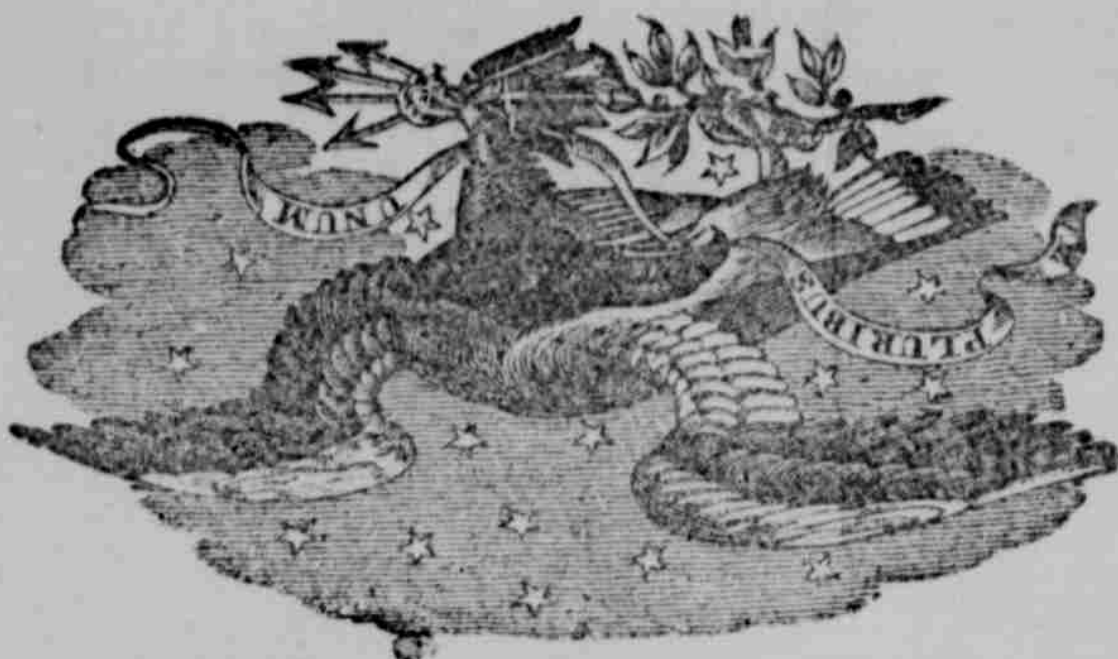
A WORD TO BOYS.—"We see daily," says an exchange, "crowds of boys idling upon the streets, and engaged often in business that good boys never indulge in. Now a word to you Boys! Go to school, and there prepare yourselves to become good and useful men. Did you ever think that this great world with all its wealth and woe, with all its joys and sorrows, with all its honor and dishonor, with all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas and rivers, steam boats and ships, railroads and steam printing presses magnetic telegraphs, colleges and schools, religion and education—in a word, the whole government and direction of the things of this great world—will soon be given over into the hands of the present age? Believe it Boys, and look abroad upon the the magnificent and sublime inheritance you are soon to receive, and get ready to enter upon your duties."

A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.—A traveler, who has just returned from Spain across the Pyrenees, gives an account of a curious sight which he witnessed during a short halt at a village high up in the mountains. Having an hour to spare, he walked out to admire the scenery, and his attention was attracted by a number of eagles fluttering at some distance. On looking more closely, he observed that about twenty of these birds were engaged in a fight over the body of a dead cow with as many wolves, which were, however, at last obliged to yield up the possession of the prize. At a short distance, he also noticed a brown bear watching the combatants, but not daring to advance till the eagles had satisfied their hunger and taken to flight.

The Plymouth Republican says that George Stockman, aged 90 years, died in Marshall county on the 6th inst. He voted for George Washington for President.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, ETC.

THE UNION GROCERY!



AND BAKERY,
JOHN ROSS, : : : Prop'r,
WINCHESTER, INDIANA.

At this Grocery and Bakery may be found THE VERY BEST of

Groceries, Baked Stuff,
PROVISIONS,
Confections, etc., etc.,

(SUCH AS—

Molasses, Coffee, Pepper, Saleratus, Rice, Candles, Soap, Starch, Etc. Sugar Tea, Spice, Soda, Salt, MEAL, LARD, BOLOGNA.

PROVISIONS:

FLOUR, BUTTER, DRIED BEEF, Meat, Eggs, Cheese, BAKERY STUFF:

(Of all kinds, baked fresh every day.)

(SUCH AS—

BREAD, RUSKS, CRACKERS, &c. PIES, CAKES, &c.

We would call the particular attention of the public to the fact that OUR CRACKERS ARE OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, and that we are selling them at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

WOODEN WARE, ETC.:

(SUCH AS—

TUBS, BUCKETS, WASHBOARDS, BASKETS, BROOMS, ETC., ETC., AND A GREAT MANY OTHER THINGS TOO NUMEROUS TO enumerate

We also deal in all kinds of PRODUCE, WILD GAME &c., CASH paid for QUAILS, WILD TURKEYS, &c.

WE SELL STRICTLY FOR

"READY PAY,"

As Provisions and Groceries can not be bought on time.

We are very thankful for past patronage and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

STORE on the Corner of Main and Franklin Streets.

WINCHESTER, Dec. 1, 1861. tf

JOHN ROSS.

STATIONERY.

BOWEN, STEWART & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BOOKSELLERS

And STATIONERS

No. 18 Washington St., Indianapolis.

PUBLISHERS OF

SCHOOL REGISTERS AND Teachers' Class Books.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Superior Blue, Black and Carmine Inks.

DENTISTRY.

REMOVAL.



DR. J. W. WILLMORE, DENTIST,

WOULD inform the citizens of Winchester and vicinity that he has moved his office to the south side of the Public Square, in the old post office room, where he is prepared to attend to all kinds of operations on the teeth, such as Cleaning, Filling and Extracting. Also, inserting plain, single gum and block teeth in any number from one to an entire set. All work warranted, and being a carrier of artificial teeth, would call attention to the advantage he has in matching with the greatest nicety the natural teeth. As to prices he obligates himself to do work as low as any good Dentist in the State. (Feb 22)